

T H E
P L O T T I N G M A N A G E R S,
A
P O E T I C A L S A T Y R I C A L
I N T E R L U D E:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A LETTER to Lord S—D N—Y,

On his recommending the SUPPRESSION of the
ROYALTY-THEATRE;

By P E T E R P I N D A R, *jun.*

L O N D O N :

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T O

L O R D S—D N—Y.

My LORD,

WITH the most respectful Deference to the general Opinion of the Public, and with the profoundest Veneration for your Lordship's Abilities, I venture to promulgate my Sentiments on a very popular Subject. To embrace with Ardor one Side of a Question, when much may be said on both, I own carries the Appearance of Partiality; but I trust, the Candor with which I
shall

shall deliver my Ideas, will convince your Lordship, that I am not so much a Party-man as to be deaf to the Arguments of my Opponents, or blind to the Conviction of Reason and Common Sense. Your Charge, my Lord, to the Magistrates of Middlesex, to suppress the Opening of the Royalty Theatre, was so unprecedented in its Nature, that I could scarcely believe its Authenticity; and though I have now no Reason to suspect the Truth of it; yet I cannot do your Lordship the Injustice to suppose that it proceeded from an Investigation of the Consequences likely to arise from the Exhibition of Dramatic Performances at that Place; for had you seriously reflected on the positive Utility of opening that Theatre, you could not possibly have been so blind to JUSTICE and TRUTH, as to recommend a Suppression of what absolutely tends to promote the One, and encourage the Growth of the Other: If in your Defence

fence it should be alledged, that Theatrical Exhibitions are prejudicial to the Morals of the Inferior Class of People, and of course inimical to the Public Welfare, I must tell you, my Lord, such Allegations are futile in themselves, and highly disgraceful to an enlightened Age: If the Recital of Plays be so fatal in its effect, ought not the Legislature, as the Guardian of the Constitution, to strike at the very Root of the Evil, by prohibiting the Publication, and even the writing of such Performances? surely you must reply in the Affirmative: But has the Legislature ever considered that Species of Writing, as being pregnant with such Evils, or has it thought proper to crush one of the three Theatres, which have been opened alternately for a Series of Years, and sanctioned by the Appearance of the ablest Statesmen, the profoundest Lawyers, and the best Divines? No, my Lord, on the Contrary, it has sheltered them under its Wing, and hence the Stage
has

has been a Nurse to the sublimest Writers, and the most animated Declaimers; it has shewn Vice its own Deformity, and proved a Source of the purest Pleasure to the Human Mind. This is not the Language of One particularly interested in the Success of the Royalty Theatre; I plead, my Lord, for the general Advantage that will be derived from it; and I flatter myself you will no longer oppose an Undertaking that deserves your Countenance and Support. Look but a Moment, my Lord, on the happy Effect it would have on the lower Order of the Community; those who now resort to the Alehouse, and drink till they disgrace Human Nature, would then spend their Shilling at the Theatre, and sit like rational Beings, at a Performance, suited to their natural Dignity, and calculated to improve their Understandings. This single Advantage, my Lord, had you reflected a Moment, would have appeared so obvious, that

however

however partial you might have been to the Proprietors of the other Theatres, you could not have shewn so much Disbelief of its Probability, as to advise the Magistrates to suppress, what of all Things is the most likely to produce it.

To suppose one Theatre can be more injurious than another; or, that, because three Theatres have been supported by the Public a considerable Time, and legalized by Authority, that they must still be patronized, and no other permitted to open, are Positions so absurd in their Nature, and so weak in themselves, that to attempt a Refutation would be ridiculous: But Mr. Harris, it seems, or one of his Friends, has thought fit to inform the World, in Justification of his Opposition to Mr. Palmer, that the Value of the Wardrobe, and the Mortgages on Covent Garden House, amount to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand

B

Pounds;

Pounds ; if this be true, my Lord, let th Manager retrench his Expences, and curtail the Incumbrances, and then he will have less Occasion to dread the Desertion of the Public, and the Influence of a Rival. Does he imagine we are bound to protect him at all Events? If so, I will tell him an unwelcome Truth, we are not; every Servant of the Public has a Right to experience its Generosity, and Mr. Harris has experienced it; but he may hereafter feel its Displeasure, from a Contempt of his present Conduct; when a servile Submission, on his Part, may not be able to regain its good Opinion. I should not have adverted immediately to this Gentleman, but from a full Persuasion, that your Lordship opposed Mr. Palmer on his, or his Colleague's Account; as, therefore, he has taken so decided a Part in this Affair, I shall, to avoid Prolixity, give you my Opinion of him, in few Words.

No,

No Man was ever more capricious to Performers, nor more insolent to Authors; let him clap his Hand to his Heart, and ask himself, if he has never been so captivated with a new Face, as to slight those, whose Abilities had been stamp'd with general Approbation; and, whether he has never censured a Performance for want of Sense to discern its Merit. Shall such a Man as this, who, to his natural Weaknesses has added the Meanness of an Informer; and who publicly declared, he would impeach those very Actors and Actresses (by whose Exertions he had been principally supported) as Rogues and Vagabonds, if they appeared at the Royalty Theatre: Shall such a Man, my Lord, receive your Countenance, to oppose and ruin another, that has embarked his All in an Undertaking, that deserves the greatest Encouragement? No, let me*

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conjure

* Not excepting even his DEAR QUICK.

conjure your Lordship not to impede the Prosperity of a Man, who has a Two-fold Claim upon the Public, as a Father, and a First Rate Actor, and whose greatest Failing arises from his possessing a double Portion of the Milk of Human Kindness.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant.



T H E
PLOTTING MANAGERS,
A N
I N T E R L U D E.

SCENE *a Room in* GEORGE SNAP's *House.*

GEORGE SNAP, *Solus.*

GEORGE.

WELL, were I now a Parson I should swear,
And damn the Theatre at *Wellclose-square*;
For well I ween 'twill have a dev'lish Run,
Unless to stop it something can be done.

Week,

(14)

Week, after Week, I've labor'd to controul
The Man, I ought to rev'ence in my Soul ;
His Fame and fure Succes so much I dread,
I wish (yet blush to own it) he were dead.
I can no more : with Rage my Heart is full ;

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir, Sir, here's Mr. SYCOPHANT and Mr. BULL,

GEORGE.

Then shew 'em in,---their Aid I need not court,
They'll freely join to spread some vile Report.

Enter JOHNNY BULL and TOMMY SYCOPHANT.

TOMMY.

Dear George, how do you? why, you look displeas'd ;
What, has the Gout your *Underfettors* seiz'd?

GEORGE.

(15)

GEORGE.

No, curse it, no. —

TOMMY.

What then affects your Spirit?

GEORGE.

You know I ficken at superior Merit :

That Fellow PALMER, late on *Drury's* Stage,

O damn him, damn him, I shall burst with Rage !

JOHNNY.

Dear George, why do you vex yourself about him ?

He is our Foe, and we'll unite to rout him.

GEORGE.

Aye, but the Ladies like him, Jack ;

JOHNNY.

What then ?

We are not Ladies, George, we're Gentlemen ;

What

What, 'cause the Ladies like him, shall we too ?

No, curse me for a Novice if I do !

TOMMY.

Bravo, Bravissimo, my noble Brother,

We'll stick like Inkle-makers by each other ;

Give me your Hand, dear George, and never fear,

Pox take the Manager at *Wellclose-square* —

We'll form some Project to defeat his Schemes,

And rouse the Miscreant from his golden Dreams.

GEORGE.

Then let's embrace, and by our Conscience swear

To oppose the Manager and Actors there :

Ours be the Task, to damn their Undertaking,

And let the Rascals see they save their Bacon

TOMMY.

No, I'll not swear by that, ~~I~~ I'll swear ———

GEORGE.

(17)

GEORGE.

By what?

TOMMY.

Something or other that I know I've not;
For should I swear by any Thing I have,
And break my Oath, the World will call me Knave.

SNAP.

Then by your Honor ———

TOMMY.

Aye from Morn to Morn
I'll swear by that, yet never be forsworn.

JOHNNY.

Enough, thus leagued we'll ev'ry Means pursue,
To ruin PALMER and his sturdy Crew;
Rogues, Vagabonds, and Beggars let us call 'em,
Then from the Play-House to a Prison haul 'em,

C

There

There bid 'em starve, in Spite of each Endeavor,
While we at LARGE, enjoy the public Favor.

GEORGE.

But Rumor says, (and much the Truth I fear)
The Public will protect the Vagrants there.

JOHNNY.

What then, supported by the *Law* you know,
We can its kindest Purposes o'erthrow :
Some base *Informer hire*, where e'er you can,
A vile, unprincipled, unfeeling Man.

TOMMY.

But 'fpose we cannot find so mean an Elf?

JOHNNY.

Why then, I'll do the *dirty Work* myself.

TOMMY.

Better by much than trust it to another,
In my Opinion,---don't you think so, Brother ?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

O never trust it to a Man unknown,
 Left we and all our Projects be o'erthrown :
 My *Son*, in case you dread the Mob's Resistance,
 Will fly like Light'ning to afford Assistance ;
 Where Danger threatens he's the first to press,
~~A~~ true Don Quixote in an English Dress :
 Aw'd by no Threats our Purpose he'll pursue,
 And do the dirtiest Work we have to do ;
 Ten thousand strange Exploits he can exhibit,

TOMMY.

Which might be well rewarded with a Gibbet. [*Aside.*]

GEORGE.

First, he can Falsehoods on the Public pass,
 Next, pop his Head-piece thro' a Pane of Glass ;
 For that, superior to the strongest Shock,
 Resembles nothing but a Barber's Block.

JOHNNY.

Enough, 'tis Time the Bufinefs were begun,
 We do not doubt the Virtues of your Son ;
 With his Affiftance and our own combin'd,
 We'll do by — whate'er we have a mind ;
 We'll Pow'r to Pow'r with Infolence oppofe,
 And in this Conteft ruin all our Foes. [Exeunt.]

GEORGE.

Nay, hold a Moment, more I've yet to fay,
 Curft be the Wretch that would oppofe our Sway ;
 My Worth *alone* is deem'd fupremely great,
 For skill'd in Languages, I can TRANSLATE :
 By me OLD TERENCE fhines in Englifh Drefs,
 And ftill I'm anxious to fupport the Prefs ;
 My WORKS JUST PUBLISH'D prove I can compofe
 Profe fmooth as Verfe, and Verfe as rough as Profe ;
 Then at a Prologue I'm the firft in Town,
 Start but a Simile I'll hunt it down ;

No

No one like me on happy Thoughts can hit,
Because no one possesses half my Wit.

TOMMY.

Not half your Wit !

GEORGE.

No, Sir ! nor half my Worth,
For none *weave* Prologues but myself on Earth.

JOHNNY.

True, but to Writing we can ne'er pretend,
Our Merit must on *Impudence* depend.

TOMMY.

Well, tho' in Writing Brother George excel,
Yet we can read his Writings that's as well.

GEORGE.

No doubt, no doubt, none can dispute your Merit,
You're Men of equal Worth, and equal Spirit ;

Full

Full of Revenge as rival Lovers are,
Below all Honor, and above all Fear :
Firm when resolv'd, and yet so wond'rous civil,
You'd dupe the World, and cozen e'en the Devil ;
Blest with such Friends I've not the least to dread,

TOMMY *and* JOHNNY.

Nor we with such a General at our Head.

GEORGE.

Thus leagued, we'll still our sov'reign Rights maintain,
And spite of all, MONOPOLISTS remain. [Exeunt.



F I N I S.

